

The Mirror

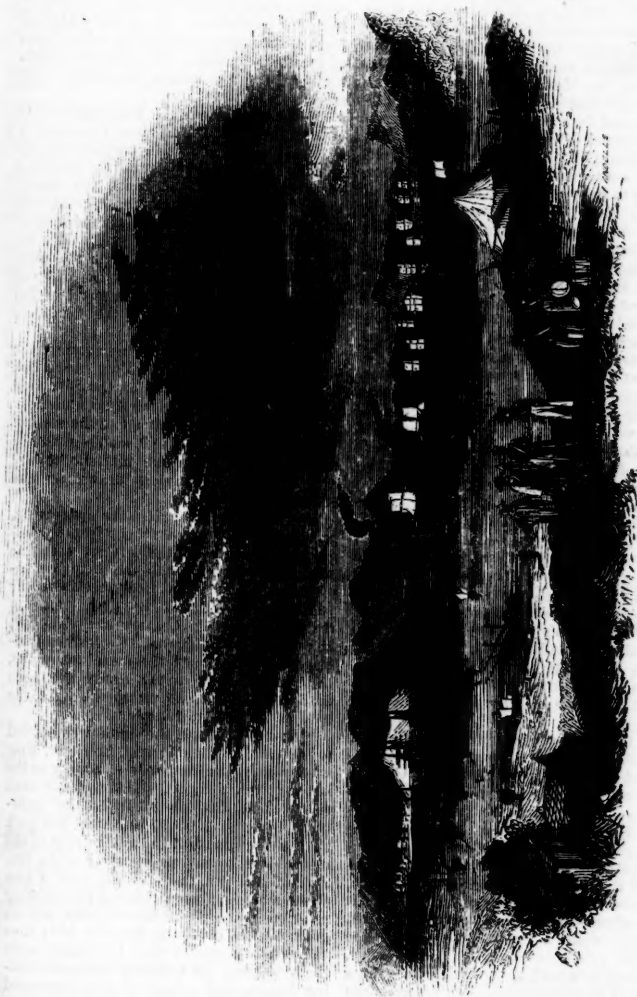
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HARBOUR OF CHUSAN.

[Copied, by permission, from Lord Jocelyn's "Campaign in China."]

HARBOUR OF CHUSAN.

A BRIEF but interesting Narrative of the British Campaign in China has just appeared from the pen of Lord Jocelyn, late Military Secretary to the Mission. It is modestly entitled, *Six Months with the Chinese Expedition; or Leaves from a Soldier's Note-book*; and, although it fills scarcely more than 150 pages, its contents are satisfactory as regards the progress of the Expedition during the above period. From this accredited source, (by courtesy of the publisher, Mr. Murray,) we are enabled to present our readers with the annexed Engraving and descriptive details.

The island of Chusan, from its situation at the mouth of the Yeang-tse-Kiang river, and its consequent mercantile importance, appears to have been fixed upon as a better position than Canton, from which the British might carry on operations. "This great river," observes Lord Jocelyn, "may be called the main artery of the Chinese empire, and the source of its interior wealth: in extent and navigable facilities it is not surpassed by any in the world; whilst from its bosom, not only the central part of China draws its existence and riches, but the traffic of the northern provinces likewise. It is connected with the Peiho by means of a canal, called the Imperial, which wonderful work thus leads the central trade, and even the southern commerce, to the very north of China, pouring it into the navigable waters of that river at a town called Teon-sing, not more than forty miles distant from Peking; whilst its southern mouth meets the Yeang-tse-Kiang, fifty miles below Nanking. The advantage of having a position at its very mouth was evident; Chusan was therefore decided upon as the head-quarters of our military force."

Lord Jocelyn's "Journal" opens with the sailing of the Expedition from Calcutta, on 8th May, 1840, and the voyage thence, by the coast of Malacca to Singapore, which island was made on May 27th. The fleet sailed again on the 30th, and on June 2 came to anchor off the entrance of Chusan, or rather amongst a group of highly-cultivated islands. Next morning, Captain Bethune went into the inner harbour in a steamer, to examine the passage; he returned the same afternoon, and on the following day the fleet advanced.

"Entering this beautiful harbour," continues the Journal,—"for beautiful it is, whatever those who are disgusted with it may affirm—the beach and heights appeared covered with a dense population. The suburbs run parallel to the water's edge, and form a wharf, along which was seen a forest of merchant-craft. On entering the harbour, eleven junks bore down to us; but as we advanced, they receded, taking up

different positions, and finally formed a line in front of the merchant junks to protect the shore from invasion. These rude vessels of war are easily distinguishable by their flaunting streamers, red-muzzled guns, and painted poops, and carry about fifty men each." The soldiers, about 800 in number, appear to have taken up their position on a hill to the right, 200 feet in height; where were six guns so laid that they could neither train nor level them. Along the wharfs in front of the suburb were thirty other pieces of the same material, and a small martello tower on the left centre, mounting eight more.

On the afternoon of the 4th, a parley was entered into with the Chinese Chumpin, or admiral; and the British commander, Sir Gordon Bremer, gave him until the following morning, to confer and think the matter over. Of this, however, the Chinese did not avail themselves; "and the morning of the 5th of July, 1840, was the day fated for her Majesty's flag to wave over the most beautiful island appertaining to the Celestial Empire, the first European banner that has floated as conqueror over the 'Flowery Land.'"

"The dawn of day brought much the same spectacle as the preceding, except that a few guns were mounted on the Jos-house hill, and the mandarins were seen actively employed running about along the wharf." They then took up their stands with the troops, one being in the martello tower; and the war junks were drawn up and crowded with men.

It is now time to explain the Engraving, representing Chusan Harbour from the engineer's camp. To the left are seen the suburbs of Chusan, with the British men-of-war lying at a short distance from the wharf and foot of the hill. They consist of the *Wellesley*, 74; *Conway* and *Alligator*, 28; *Cruiser* and *Algerine*, 18; and ten gun-brigs. Opposite are the merchant junks, before mentioned; in the centre are seen the *Queen* and *Atalanta* steamers; and to the left lies the fleet of transports.

"At eight o'clock, the signal was hoisted to prepare for action; still, however, time was given by the Commodore, hoping to the last they would repent, and it was not until two o'clock that the troops left the transports in the boats of the squadron, and took up their position in two lines in rear of the men-of-war, to land under cover of the fire. At half-past two, the *Wellesley* fired a gun at the martello tower; this was immediately returned by the whole line of junks, and the guns on the causeway and the hill; then the shipping opened their broadsides upon the town, and the crashing of timber, falling houses, and groans of men resounded from the shore. The firing lasted, on our side, for nine minutes, but even after it had

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ceased, a few shots were heard from the unscathed junks.

"When the smoke cleared away, a mass of ruin presented itself to the eye, and on the place lately alive with men, none save a few wounded were to be seen; but crowds were visible in the distance, flying in all directions." The Chumpin was seen borne from his vessel by a faithful few, having lost his leg in the action by a round shot; and he survived but a few days.

"Before the last shot was fired, the General and his staff left the *Wellesley*, the boats with the troops following in their wake, cheering the men-of-war as they passed through, the sailors returning the hurrahs through the ports.

"We landed on a deserted beach; a few dead bodies, bows and arrows, broken spears and guns, remaining the sole occupants of the field.

"The men arriving from the boats formed along the causeway in line, and the 18th advanced up the hill; and on reaching the summit, they distinguished the inner town, which had not been visible from the shipping: it was situated in a hollow in rear of the mount, and the bird's-eye view was very picturesque. On the walls were seen the banners of the Chinese soldiery, whilst the men crowded along the ramparts beating their tomtoms and gongs, beckoning with their hands to the attack as the troops became visible to them on the hill." They then opened their wretched wall-pieces, with no damage to our force.

Within two hours from leaving the ships, the Madras artillery had four guns in position, and fired a few shells into the town; the advanced pickets were posted, and the Chinese fired upon the reconnoitering parties wherever they became visible. "The evening began to close in, and the commanding officers were desired to seek covering for the men, as Brig-Gen. Burrell had determined not to attack the town before the following morning. Until ten o'clock that night, the Chinese kept up a dropping fire, under cover of which they afterwards appeared to have deserted the town.

"During the evening, the civil magistrate and some of his officers were killed by our shells, and the governor drowned himself in a tank, when accused of cowardice by his people."

Here we halt, for the present; hoping to return to Lord Jocelyn's very interesting and opportune "Journal" in our next.

THE LAST OF THE LINE.

My prayer is heard—once more 'tis mine to roam
Through unforgotten scenes of childhood's home;—
Once more to view, before I sleep in death,
This long-loved spot where first I drew my breath;—

Each well-known room with thrilling gaze to scan,
And close my days where first those days began.
Yet as I look around, above, below,
The anguish'd bosom owns a deeper throe—
Voices long silent hail the listening ears,
And forms are traced by eyes brimful of tears—
The hands are stretch'd in vain those forms to clasp,
The fleeting phantoms yield no answering grasp—
The tones of welcome sink, grow faint, and die,
And the lone wind returns me sigh for sigh.

How strange the echoes of the bell!—but stay,
An aged servant waits to lead the way—
My alter'd features—ah! he knows them not,
But coldly points each well-remember'd spot;
And shews me, as a visitor alone,
The grounds and mansion that are all my own!

How throbs my heart! I pace the nursery floor,
And view its hallow'd precincts o'er and o'er:
Here stood my cot—here first a mother's love
Led me to kneel and look to Heaven above—
Breath'd her own blessing on my pillow'd head,
Hush'd me to rest, and smooth'd my fever'd bed.
That angel mother! now a saint indeed,—
Why was I born to make that bosom bleed?—
Oft have I sat within this old arm-chair,
Link'd hand in hand with one with golden hair—
My bending neck encircled by his arm,
One seat could hold us, and one book could charm—

Crusoe, or Robin Hood, or Philip Quarll,
Or Fairy Tales, we knew and lov'd them all—
Or turn'd with reverend hand that Holy Tome
That taught us even this was not our home.
His bright and merry eye—his sunny brow—
His fair soft cheek—where is that brother now?
From the oppress'd heart a bitter pang is wrung—
That brother died!—oh! had I died as young!—
And he been left!—then had no dark disgrace
Blotted the scutcheon of our ancient race—
Then should the *TACHE SANS TACHE** unchal-
leng'd twine
The Leopard's gorge, badge of our honour'd line.

Through this long gallery, where tall portraits hang,
How oft our boyish shouts and laughter rang!
When yoked in mimic harness side by side,
We drew our sister, throned in mimic pride,
A birthday queen!—her car a chair turn'd down,
Her sceptre lilies, and a wreath her crown;—
Those happy days! when from the earliest spring
We emulously ran a gift to bring;
Ransack'd our little gardens o'er and o'er,
Pluck'd our first flowers and eager sought for more;—
Radiant with joy, with footsteps light and fleet,
We laid our offering at *EMIRA*'s feet:
Herself a fairer flower—cut down by death;
When *AYMERA* sank, she sigh'd away her breath;—
Then I alone was left—and I—long fled
To foreign climes—would she had mourn'd me dead!

How drear the silence of this lofty hall!
How gaunt and grim those carvings on the wall!
How faint the rays through cobwebb'd windows stream!

I feel as though I wander'd in a dream.
Our father died ere we could miss his care,
His portrait hangs in faded splendour there;
There hangs his belt, and there his rusted sword,
And his crush'd helm, his widow's mournful hoard.

Early we learnt to lip that father's name,
And emulate in sport a soldier's fame—
Yet when our mother wept to view our play,
Then, oh! how hush'd!—we kiss'd her tears away.

How oft beneath this arch at early dawn
The bold, bluff huntsman wound his echoing horn!
How oft would I, a stripling, head the train,
And spur Grey Lincoln on with slacken'd rein,

* Literally, a spot without a stain.

And whoop and halloo through the forest glade,
Where the fierce dogs the stag at distance bay'd.
The ample court with grass is all o'erspread,
My old retainers all are gone or dead;
The coach-house doors for ever stand ajar,
The empty stables need no closing bar;
No silver dove within the cote is seen,
The lucid pond is now a rushy green;
There stands the kennel of old surly Dane,
But death has loos'd him from his irksome chain.
Within this arching window deep and wide
Hung the caged blackbird, once the butler's pride,
A sweetheart's gift—so would the maidens say,
And seek to wile his faithful heart away,
And whisper of a lock of raven hair—
Those idle jests!—blank silence now is there.

Rank moss and poisonous fungi now deface
The broad stone steps that front the mouldering
place;

Thick litter'd leaves and ragged weeds are seen
Where busy hands once swept the velvet green.
Here, on this bank, beneath this aged tree,
We nurs'd the dying kitten on our knee,
And watch'd with beating heart and heavy sigh,
It's gasping breath—its fix'd and glassy eye—
And when no care its little life could save,
Here the old gardener dug his tiny grave:
Old WILLIAM RAYN, methinks I see him now—
His mild blue eye, his calm and thoughtful brow—
His curly hair, with silvery grey besprent;
His stalwart frame by toil and sorrow bent.
I pause, and seem to hear his cheerful tone
And steady step, where long that step was
known:—

That kind old man! how oft we saw him stand
To watch the labours of our infant hand!
Still prompt, with ready smile and generous aid,
To help the feeble efforts that we made
To rear our seedling plants or train our shoot,
And from our currants pluck the luscious fruit;
Or proudly show our cress, his praise to claim,
Grown in th' initial letters of our name.
Now all is changed—those beamy days are gone—
The very sun shines not as then he shone:
Bright, happy days! gone like the early dew,
Then this sear'd heart was pure and guileless too:
Ay! all is changed!—my loved companions sleep
Their dreamless slumbers—I am left to weep.

"Tell me, I prithee, friend, why there I see
A stone and mound beneath that chesnut-tree,
It was not so when I" . . . he answers not;
But silent leads me to the turf spot—
"My young Lord's spaniel this—we laid him here,
And my dear Lady wept with many a tear,
And set this rose-tree with her dying hand:
'Oh, if my boy,' she said, 'from that far land
Should come, a mother's love'" . . . "Oh, say
no more,

My good old friend—my banishment is o'er;
My cup is drain'd—my chain is snapp'd—yet I,
Though home return'd, have but return'd to die."

REINKELM.

"THE BOUNDARY STATES."

As these territories have been urged as one of the causes of a war with the United States of North America, the following information may be well-timed and acceptable.

The boundary between Maine and Lower Canada has been, for some years, a subject of dispute between the American and British Governments. In the treaty of peace which closed the war of the Revolution, the northern boundary of Maine is described in these words: "From the north-west angle of Nova Scotia—viz., that angle which is formed by a line drawn due

north of St. Croix river to the highlands, along the said highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those that fall into the Atlantic Ocean to the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river, &c." This line had always been understood as running north of the river St. John, and carrying the northern boundary of Maine to the 48th degree of latitude; but, some years since, the British set up a claim to one-third part of the whole state, by contending that the boundary-line ran to the south of the St. John. Agreeably to the treaty of Ghent, the subject was referred to the King of the Netherlands for arbitration, who decided that "it would be proper to adopt for the boundary of the two States a line drawn due north from the source of the river St. Croix, to the point where it strikes the middle of the channel of the river St. John; thence the middle of the channel of that river, ascending it to the point where the river St. Francis falls into the St. John; thence to the middle of the river St. Francis, ascending it to the source of the most south-westerly branch," &c. By this decision, about two-sevenths of the territory in dispute was awarded to the British, amounting to about two millions of acres.—*Goodrich's Universal Geography*, Boston, 1832.

NONSENSE VERSES:

THE MAN OF DOLE.

He was a man of doubt and dole!

I know not how it came about:

(Perhaps his pocket had a hole),

But all his money had run out.

Thenceforth one plainly might remark,

(It needs no sages nor diviners,)

His way was somewhat in the dark,

Because he hadn't got the "shiners."

Then came the duns and claimed their due:

Those creditors are boring fellows:

The man might very well look blue,

Because he hadn't got the "yellows."

They came together all, and spilt

Abuse upon him, young and old:

They seemed to think he must have guilt,

Because he hadn't any gold.

And when they thus did on him fall

He hid away, and that was right:

He couldn't stand against them all,

Because he hadn't any mite.

He hid away like any mouse,

And feared, for fear a dun should join,

To turn the corner of his house,

Because he hadn't any coign.

And so he kept within his house,

Obliged to poke, and mope, and blink;

But not *exactly* like a mouse,

Because he hadn't any "chink."

Pr'aps like a hermit, who from sight

And hearing of the world has got:

And yet not like a hermit quite,

Because he hadn't got a groat.

But still in peace he could not dwell,

At night he could not sleep a wink:

He could not bear to hear the bell,

Whilst he had never got the "chink."

But soon his creditors forbore
To touch the bell, or knock, or tap;
'Twas vain to beat against his door,
Because he never had a "*rap*."

If now he put his boat about,
And steered a little off from shore,
He always kept the *stern look out*,
Because he hadn't any *ore*.

He'd better yet have stayed behind,
'Tis wiser not to dare the torrent:
Perhaps he thought to raise the wind,
Not having any of "*the current*."

But here and there he steered about,
And led his creditors a hunt;
And still he kept the sharp look out,
Because he hadn't got "*the blunt*."

Wherever yet he turned his head,
He feared some bill he could not settle:
Poor man, he always was in dread,
Because he hadn't any *metal*.

I would not be in such a taking
For all the money in the town:
In heart he was for ever *a-king*,
And yet he never had a *crown*.

If he to tailors went or wrote,
He only put them in a huff:
They wouldn't make him any coat,
Because he hadn't got the "*stuff*."

Those snips so saucy grow and bold
When'er they know that money flags:
They wouldn't even mend an old,
Because he hadn't got the "*rags*."

His shirt betrayed his lack of pelf;
His shoes at heel were trodden down;
His hat was very like himself,
Because it hadn't *half a crown*.

He had a stable, which was good
For putting cattle safe and sound;
But couldn't *keep them without food*,
Because he hadn't got a *pound*.

His garden was of roses bare;
No stocks or lilies yielded honey;
And no *anemones* were there,
Because he hadn't any *money*.

He could not buy a stack of flagon,
When'er he wished to drink or gorge,
And so his life had still a *drag on*,
Because he hadn't got a "*George*."

At any time, in any place,
If he a creditor should pass,
He couldn't look him in the face,
Because he hadn't got the "*brass*."

But what avails to make a fuss,
Or fustier let our history range?—
His course of life was ever thus,
Because he hadn't any *change*.

Ho, ho!

S.

THE WAR WITH CHINA:

(OUR OWN NOTIONS OF IT.)

WE are not about to enter into a political controversy. We leave that exciting task to the wrangling editors of newspapers, the writers of stitched pamphlets without covers, and the race of quarrelsome gentlemen who squabble after dinner during that very bearish time which custom has appropriated to such verbal engagements, when Tours' plums, dogs and horses, Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington, sponge cake, cut glass and claret, are presumed to

be proper and equivalent substitutes for the presence of the fairer portion of the creation. We are not going to bring forward any statistics of tea, rhubarb, and opium; neither can we give the reader any information upon the state of the workhouses, or names of the board of guardians in various parishes pertaining to the Canton, Macao, or Chusan unions; but we do not see why we should not say *our* few words upon the Chinese Question, which seems so troublesome to answer, the more so as we are an ardent admirer of the refreshing beverage (not, however, a perfect teetotaler, for we occasionally incline to "*half-and-half*"); in addition that we adore little feet and ivory carvings, and that we especially lean to the old blue-pattern plates and dishes.

Talking of that same old blue pattern, we believe it is but lately that anything has been discovered authentically connected with its origin. It appears, from the information of an ancient document, found in the great library of Long Man, an eminent Chinese bibliopolist, that the original design appeared in an early edition of the Pekin Picturesque Porcelain Annual, where it was inserted by the great artist Fin Den, who dedicated the plate to the Mandarin Twing, whose palace without the city walls it was intended to describe; and who, it was moreover hoped, would pay all expenses incidental to the bringing out of the plate, in consideration of the honour pertaining to the dedication. The Mandarin, however, did not take the hint, and when the Annual went into other hands, the original design was purchased by a great crockery founder, who reproduced the view in a plate of different construction. Twing, incensed that any one who did not wear red shoes, or whose nails were not more than an inch in length, should even look upon a representation of his summer retreat, obtained an injunction to restrain the production of any more pieces. The remaining few were rapidly bought up, and kept in secret cabinets; until Twing died, from standing upon his head one day upwards of two hours in the broiling sun, the tenure by which he held the high employment of cutting the Emperor's corns, and the plates and dishes being again published, derived additional interest from the circumstance, and by degrees were exported all over the world. We should like to know the house which does not possess one.

When we first heard there was a prospect of a war with China, we regarded it as a rumour of extreme eccentricity—a piece of exquisite humour, replete with droll actions and engagements. The impressions of our childhood are composed of the same elements in the ideas of the man, although circumstance exerts a slight alter-

ation in their affinity; and we could not entirely divest ourselves of the thoughts we were accustomed to link with "China and the Chinese," when the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, every word of whose gorgeous illusions we received as gospel, ranked far above the productions of Shakspeare, Byron, or Scott, in our immature conception. Nor was the picture we formed of China conjured up by our own minds alone. We had the opportunity of referring to a valuable series of tea-canisters on the shelves of a neighbouring grocer, who opened his shop as the "China Tea Company," hung balloons in his windows, japanned his drawers, sold tea-chests for rabbit-hutches, and had a strange squat figure seated in the centre of the four shilling Bohea compartment, who wagged its head and tongue all day long, at the gazers that its antics attracted to flatten their noses against his panes of glass. From the aforesaid canisters we were enabled to glean much valuable pictorial information respecting the domestic manners of the Chinese. Probably, we might have studied the subject more deeply, but fate willed otherwise. The concern failed, the shop was closed, and the "Company" ran off in the middle of the night: no one knew whither, and we believe no one cared, except those who had demands upon the establishment. We only wondered what effect the defalcation had upon the funds of the Celestial Empire.

We were a long time bringing ourselves to think that the Chinese were a nation of men and women; in fact, human beings, who thought, moved, and acted in a manner similar to ourselves. We much more readily inclined to the opinion that they were a race of supernaturally animated ornaments, who wore inverted basins for head-dresses, and kept odd-shaped dragons and monsters, all claws and crockery, for their domestic animals. We pictured to ourselves their abodes, made of porcelain painted all sorts of colours, and thatched with rice paper. Their cities we conjured up as lighted by millions of isinglass lanterns, which kept perpetually turning round. Their vegetation we confined to curious strange arborescent productions, with large round vermilion balls for fruit, growing naturally in a state of the highest varnish; and we could almost see their public roads, buildings, and fortifications, all constructed of *papier-mâché* gaily japanned. If war had been declared at that period, we should not have been much astonished to have found some morning that all the China ornaments in England had walked off spontaneously to take up the cause of their country, and fight in its defence. These ideas continued in full force with us for some long period, until a series of Eastern spectacles, which it was

our luck to witness at the theatres, turned the current of our minds into another channel. For the first time, we then became aware that real living beings formed the population of the country belonging to the Sun's intimate connexion; but even these differed from other people. They wore odd six-angled hats, a species of painted convolvulus-shaped gossamer, with bells hung round them; they danced strange figures, with the forefingers of each hand elevated to the level of their ears; they allowed their mustachios to grow until they trailed upon the ground; and in their stage encounters, one English sailor generally fought twelve at once, all of whom he finally put to flight, having cut off their pigtails, or whirled them round by these appendages, like horizontal bandalores, until they were choked. And is it true, we asked ourselves, that the Government is seriously thinking of going to war with these grotesque beings? What huge fun we immediately foresaw in the encounter—what a realization of the scenes in *Aladdin* and the *Bronze Horse*, to say nothing of *The Illustrious Stranger*, and *Zazezizozu*. And our great men-of-war were sailing out, actually and literally sailing out to engage with their junks—those odd constructions of thin painted laths, strips of red cloth, and reed masts with tea-leaf sails, that we could almost have built from imagination! Why, we should have thought that one small cannon-ball would have crashed through twenty of them at once, splintering and smashing them in all directions. It appeared perfectly cowardly in our nation to think for an instant of attacking in reality a set of poor scaramouches, who resided in inverted tea-cups on a large scale, lived on paper-shavings and fried silkworms, built pagodas like magnified cardhouses, and whose most inspiring war-music was comprised in a band of copper stewpans and instruments formed by bits of tendons stretching over inflated bladders. At length, we heard that there really had been a skirmish, and that one of their great people, who rejoiced in the high-sounding and aristocratic appellation of Lin, had written a letter, or published a document, or something of the kind. We should very much like to have seen that document. We will be bound it was something exquisitely comic, written with various inks, commencing at the bottom, and filled with characters from the endless alphabet which adorns the invoices of tea-chests and cakes of Indian ink. But—ha! ha! ha!—you can scarcely help smiling at the bare idea, the mere fact of their even daring to expostulate—they, of whom we should have conceived one halfpenny squib would have put to flight an army; they, whose cannon we thought must be var-

nished pasteboard, and whose fortifications carved ivory; they, whose only commerce consisted, independently of their tea, in pearl card-counters and books of gaudy birds and flowers, or ornaments like miniature trunks of trees with distorted spines, carved into human heads at the top. And these odd creatures had remonstrated with England. How very ridiculous!

Why it is that the whole empire has not, long before this, been blown entirely to atoms by our guns, we are at a loss to conceive. British humanity must be the only obstacle to such a performance. But if they are still insolent, we counsel instant and unmitigated annihilation of the whole of them; for what would all our former glories avail us, in the page of history, if we were finally jockeyed by a tribe of nodding mandarins, crockery-baking savages, painters of rice paper, and manufacturers of chopsticks and feather fans?

ALBERT.

LOVE AND CARE.

Love sat in his bower one summer day—
And Care, with his train, came to drive him away:

"I will not depart," said Love;
And, seizing his lute—with silvery words,
He ran his bright fingers along the chords,
And play'd so sweet, so entrancing an air,
That a grim smile lit up the face of Care.

"Away—away!" said Love.

"Nay, nay! I have friends!" grim Care replied;
"Behold, here is one—and his name is *Pride*!"

"I care not for *Pride*," said Love.

Then touching the strings of his light guitar,
Pride soon forgot his lofty air;
And seizing the hand of a rustic queen,
Laugh'd, gamboll'd, and tripped it o'er the green.

"*Aha, aha!*" said Love.

"Away with your jeers!" cried Care, "If you please,

Here's another—lank, haggard and pale *Disease*!"

"I care not for him," said Love.

Then touch'd a strain so plaintive and weak,
That a flush pass'd over his pallid cheek;
And *Disease* leap'd up from his couch of pain,
And smiled, and re-echoed the healing strain.

"Well done for *Disease*!" said Love.

"Pshaw! pshaw!" cried Care—"this squalid one,

How lik'st thou the gaunt look of *Poverty*!"

"I care not for him," said Love.

Then struck such a sound from his viol's string,
That *Poverty* shouted aloud, "*I'm king!*"
The jewel'd wreaths round my temples shall twine,
For the sparkling gems of Golconda are mine!"

"*Ay, ay—very true!*" said Love.

"Nay *bonet not*," said Care—"There is fretful *Old Age*.

Beware of his crutches, and tempt not his rage!"

"I care not for *Age*!" said Love.

Then swept the strings of his magic lyre,
Till the glazed eye sparkled with youthful fire;
And *Age* dropp'd his crutches, and, light as a fay,
Laugh'd, caper'd and danced, like a child at play!

"*Bravo, Sir Eld!*" said Love.

"A truce," cried wrinkled Care, "with thy glee!
Now, look on this last one—'tis *Jealousy*!"

"Ah me! ah me!" said Love.

"Her green eye burns with quenchless fire—

"I die! I die!" Then, dropping his lyre,
Love flew far away from his cherish'd bower,
And never return'd from that fatal hour!

Alas, for thee, blighted Love!

Southern Literary Messenger.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COLD WINTER.

I AM not philosopher enough to comprehend fully the curious and sudden changes of temperature incidental to almost every climate; and there is something particularly unaccountable in the extraordinary severity by which the seasons are occasionally characterized. The winter of 18— was one of these, and will remain indelibly impressed upon the memory. One week especially was intensely cold; the sky was clear and blue, the air had a delusive calmness that beguiled some victims forth to death. A walk across the street affected us with acute pain in the temples; a moist hand would freeze instantly to the iron baluster of the steps—stage-drivers and hackney-coachmen were found stiff and dead upon their boxes. The student's ink congealed by the fire; the affluent, with all the appliances of wealth, could not keep themselves comfortable; and the heart aches to recall the condition of the poor, shivering and trembling around the cheerless fireplaces of their dilapidated dwellings, half naked, hungry and destitute—it was, indeed, a dreadful winter for them. Many perished; some directly from the cold, while, although others lingered till the weather moderated, yet sickness and exposure had broken down their constitutions, and the soft breath of spring blew over their graves.

The snow in the street had a granite consistency, sparkling like diamonds in the brilliant sunshine, which shone all day with the ineffectual fervour of the moon upon its unmelted wreaths and rocky banks. Those who could, kept in doors. Those whom business called abroad could scarcely be recognised through the multiplicity of garments. Over-shoes and moccasins, buffaloeskins and blankets, shawls, fur gloves and caps, and voluminous cloaks over great cloaks, every where met such eyes as could penetrate through the rich and curious frost-work which accumulated with every breath upon the window-panes.

Of course the city was locked up in ice. Canals and rivers all over the country were closed. A silent bleakness and desolation reigned on land and water worthy of the polar regions. The Hudson spread out a solid field, and even the bay—a very unusual event—presented to the eye one vast mass of motionless ridges, interspersed with plains of glassy smoothness; broken masses of ice, which the tide, in the act of congelation, had forced up in heaps; and hills of

snow, the remnants of a heavy storm by which this extraordinary period of cold weather had been preceded. The southern mails were conveyed from the Jersey side in sleighs instead of boats, and the papers mentioned, as a curious fact, that a pedestrian had crossed to the city from Staten-Island with only the loss of one of his ears.

This excessive cold terminated as suddenly as it had commenced. A southern wind one morning blew over the city with a more moderate breath, the sun regained its warmth, and, in a few days, the eaves of the houses began to drip, and ponderous masses of snow to slide from the slanting roofs to the imminent danger of the foot-passengers below; the wooden sheds and house-tops reeked with the steaming evaporation—the streets grew wet and sloppy, and all things relaxed under the influence of a general thaw; still, however, although the bay began to discover indications of a breaking up, under the combined power of the sun and those rapid tides which rush, in opposing currents, from the East-river and the Hudson, yet the latter remained bound in its bright prison, affording a strong temptation to persons fond of skating—an amusement which the mud-gutters and mill-ponds render almost peculiar to boys, yet which, in the present instance, was found irresistible to large numbers of our population of all ages.

I was at that period a stripling of twenty, of rather a solitary turn of mind, though not averse to sport, of which skating must ever be considered one of the most agreeable varieties. It is an exercise full of fiery excitement and exhilaration. Distance is traversed with a velocity incredible—every muscle of the form seems laid out with unaccustomed force upon the power of motion—you glide, you float, you fly—you pass through space with a thought—wheeling, circling, darting—and rivaling the swallow in its airy gambols. The bosom rejoices as if in the possession of newly-discovered power.

The sun was about an hour above the horizon, when, after a light dinner, I took a pair of skates under my arm, and bent my way down to one of the wharfs on the western side of the town. The cold had now, in a great measure, abated, and I found thousands of men and boys enjoying themselves upon the ice, darting by each other in every direction, wheeling and flying with ceaseless velocity and various motions which resembled the play of a swarm of insects in the summer air. Here a troop of little fellows limped along on one skate, there another glided with both feet equipped for the sport, at one moment approaching within a few yards of the land, and again hurrying away off till they lost themselves amid the busy multitude.

Every boy bred in New York knew how

to skate; but the facilities for practising this inspiring sport are passing away so effectually and rapidly under the jurisdiction of our street-cutting, house-shifting, hill-levelling, pond-filling corporation, that I fear the time is nigh at hand when the art will be almost extinct. The very climate itself is growing more even and insipid, as if a member of the conspiracy to exterminate our ancient favourite amusement. Be that as it may, on this memorable occasion I entered into the enjoyment with all my soul. The ice presented a great variety of surface on the part selected by the skaters as the most convenient for their purpose. Between the rough cakes and hills which sometimes obstructed our career there wound little narrow passages of silver smoothness, which again expanded into fields frozen in furrows and ridges, as if the congelation had arrested the water in the act of lifting its waves. I skated leisurely along, musing upon the peculiarities of the scene, till at length I wandered far from the shore, anxious at once to escape the riot, jostle, boisterous laughter and shouts of the crowd, and to reach newer ice, that upon which I had been skating being much cut up by the innumerable tracks, and also a little wet and sloppy. On, therefore, I went, finding ample companionship in my own thoughts and observations, till at length I awoke to the sudden consciousness that the sun had set, the night-shades were gathering around, and nearly every individual of the vast numbers who, when last I looked toward the shore, were swarming around me, had disappeared. I myself had been lured on by a sheet of ice unmarked by a single track, and shining with the perfect, unbroken beauty of a mirror, much farther than I intended.

"By my faith," I thought, as I aroused myself for a hasty return, "this would be a rare place to spend the night in, truly, and I away down the bay, full three miles from the shore. I have been over-venturous here."

(To be concluded in our next.)

ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE.

BURGHLEY HOUSE, Northamptonshire, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, is one of the most celebrated structures in Europe, and a magnificent exemplar of the architecture of the reign of Elizabeth. It has, accordingly, been selected by Mr. C. J. Richardson for illustration, in his superb work, *Architectural Remains of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.* Burghley was finished about the year 1587; and it is generally allowed that John Thorpe was the architect employed upon it. "The appearance of the building is extremely imposing: on approaching it from Stamford, after winding through a

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noble park, it suddenly opens upon the visitor from the north-west; where its singular chimneys, the variety of its turrets, towers, and cupolas, and the steeple of the chapel rising in the centre, give it the appearance more of a small city than a single building."

The original of the annexed Engraving is one of Mr. Richardson's minor illustrations, and represents a summer-house in the "plaisance" at Burghley. The intricacy of outline, and the quaint and fantastic taste displayed in the pierced parapet and twisted spires of this building will be much admired. It was, doubtless, a main feature of the

architectural garden which always accompanied the Elizabethan style of mansion, and is not the least pleasing part of it. "We delight in its wide and level terraces, decorated with rich stone balustrades, and these again with vases and statues, and connected by broad flights of stone steps—its clipped evergreen hedges—its embowered alleys—its formal yet intricate parterres, full of curious knots of flowers—its lively and musical fountains—its steep slopes of velvet turf—its trim bowling green—and the labyrinth and wilderness which form its appropriate termination, and connect it with the ruder scenery without."



SUMMER-HOUSE AT BURGHEY.

THE LITERARY WORLD.—V.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

The London and Edinburgh Magazine, No. 1.—seventy-two well-filled pages, with a portrait of the Queen, for One Shilling! Cheaply done, Edinburgh. The plan appears to be semi-political—an admixture of literature and the politics of the day: Australia, Russia, and the Church of Scotland alternate with Poetry transplanted from America, Sculptors of Britain, a Life of Wieland, the Second Funeral of Napoleon, and a

Tale by Miss Burdon, authoress of *The Thirst for Gold*. The contents, it will be guessed, are stirring and heavy: they are, indeed, dry subjects drily treated; they have pith and point, but too much in one vein; and some are, moreover, too long. "The Australian Emigrant," for example, has neither novelty of matter nor manner. The Passage Home—Napoleon's Grave—is better, but is not *in tempore*: the author notes that, judging from those ships of war which he had the opportunity of examining, the vessels of the French navy appear to be

built on a finer model than those in the British service; but they are assuredly not so strong, nor so capable of standing "the battle and the breeze" as the wooden walls of Old England. The following details relate the conduct of the crew of *La Favorite*, on reaching the grave of Napoleon:—

"Such a scene of excitement I never witnessed! Some of them shed tears, while others smote their brows and their hearts, and nothing but the iron bars that protected the grave prevented them from throwing themselves on the three large flat stones which covered the mortal remains of their great Emperor! After a while, they, at first singly and separately, and then altogether, began to pull up the shrubs, and whatever else they could lay their hands on in the vicinity, to bear away as memorials of the scene and the occasion. Even the favourite willow of Napoleon was not spared,—branch by branch was torn away, and carried off to form trophies—the trunk was cut by innumerable knives, and little was left for the men of *La Belle Proule*, who, next day, were in their turn marched up, under the direction of their officers; and who, after displaying similar manifestations of sorrow, proceeded to the same acts of securing for themselves tokens of remembrance. What remained of the Willow Tree became *their* spoil. Trunk and branch it was carried off—not a vestige of it remained—it disappeared, as if by magic, off the face of the earth, and I question if the root remains to tell the tale of where it stood."

In the paper on "The Living Sculptors of Great Britain" we are assured, upon the authority of an artist who saw it at Rome, that Thorwaldsen's statue of Lord Byron, which has lain for five years buried in sawdust, in a box in the Custom House, is decidedly no honour to the sculptor. "Thorwaldsen, usually so much alive to character, totally misconceived the characteristics of the noble author of *Childe Harold*. As a portrait, this statue bears little resemblance to Byron; and as an historical piece, it is a complete failure." The Reviews of New Books evince activity and acumen; though we were surprised to read in one of them that Dickens's writings are immoral and injurious.

The Sporting Review may, at first, be considered somewhat out of our pale; but we think otherwise; for its Editor, "Craven," has succeeded in giving to his work a tone and character which leave some of his contemporaries far afield. In his pages, Sporting is unassociated with vulgarity, manly tastes are advocated with energy and polish, whilst there is a classic feeling on sporting subjects, which is very agreeable. The Editor's "History of the Turf" has so pleased us with its poetic treatment that we

are almost tempted to put on our Chesterfield and follow the hunt:

"*Quadrupedante patrem sonita quatit ungula campum.*"

This Number is full of gay, yet useful reading—sporting in all quarters of the world! In our last Number, we quoted a paper by the Editor, describing a visit to the Royal Mews at Pimlico; which is written throughout *con amore*—the surest passport to success. The Engravings are truly Embellishments: among them is one of a series of Plans of Race-courses, which appears to have suggested the maps of the dioceses in the *British Magazine*: we speak seriously.

Bentley's Miscellany is even more lively than usual; and although its essays at humour may be of various grades, "chequered in bulk as in brains," all are very acceptable. The Editor leaves his reader in delightful suspense: thus, "The fifth of November was now at hand, and the clock of the adjoining abbey had scarcely ceased tolling the hour that proclaimed its arrival, when Fawkes, somewhat wearied with his solitary watching, determined to repair, for a short space, to the adjoining houses. He, accordingly, quitted the cellar, leaving his lantern lighted within it in one corner. Opening the door, he gazed cautiously around; but perceiving nothing, after a few seconds, he proceeded to lock the door. While thus employed, he thought he heard a noise behind him, and turning suddenly, he beheld through the gloom several persons rushing towards him, evidently with hostile intent. His first impulse was to draw a petronel, and grasp a sword. But, before he could effect his purpose, his arms were pinioned by a powerful grasp from behind, while the light of a lantern thrown full in his face, revealed the barrel of a petronel levelled at his head, and an authoritative voice commanded him in the king's name to surrender." This is the subject of the illustration, in which Cruikshank is scarcely so effective as usual. "Wanted a Widow" is from a hint by a newspaper incident of last month. Of the remaining papers we can only notice "Horræ Offleane," by a Man about Town—a kind of anecdotic reverie on Offley's Tavern, in bygone days, or rather nights and mornings, which would have furnished Bulwer with many an episode for his last novel. This paper, making due allowance for the breadth of the subject, is cleverly written, or rather painted; the author excelling in that *chia-oscuro* style, which so well depicts the lights and shades of London life. The writer must be an old frequenter of Offley's (Frawley's) large and well-proportioned room, to our mind, the best apartment of the kind in the town: no pictures, placards, paper-hanging, or other vulgar coffee-room finery, to disturb one's relish of the good things there provided. The writer

thinks that the old scythe-bearer rarely makes any perceptible change in waiters: "they acquire, prematurely, in their youth, the appearance of a certain age, and for at least a generation, they look no older. You par-boil salmon to make it keep. The waiter seems to have undergone a similar process at the outset of his career, and in its course to exemplify the conservative effects. The French are right; the proper appellation for them, from the knife-board to the grave, is *garçon*." But surely, our Man about Town makes Frawley too ugly: "he was lame, his hands were like the claws of a bear (?) he squinted awfully, all the features were irregular. The face was entirely, as artists say, out of drawing; the head was on one side, like that of a magpie peeping into a marrow-bone; yet there was an air of *bonhomie* and good fellowship about the expression of the countenance that courted your laugh rather than gave rise to any aversive or unpleasant feeling." Many dozens of chops as we have eaten, dressed by Frawley's own hands, we were not before aware that he was originally a waiter at Bellamy's, and, "as such, was privileged to watch, and occasionally admitted to assist, the presiding priestess of the gridiron at the exercise of her mysteries." Frawley's chop was thick and substantial; the House of Commons chop is small and thin, and honourable members sometimes eat a dozen at a sitting: commend us to the former (not forgetting the shalot), and a nip of Burton ale, notwithstanding the blundering zeal with which this Staffordshire nectar was assailed by the Useful Knowledge Society some years since. But reader, there are no such doings at Frawley's at this time of day, as the writer of this paper relates: his reverie is on "the light of other days;" time has thinned the ranks and groups of the bright and buoyant; and the "large and well-proportioned room" is now frequented by quiet, staid, and orderly people. Is the writer aware that soon after the departure of the last of "the old hosts" of the metropolis, "it was proposed to have his portrait painted;" but the picture, we believe, fell to the ground before it was hung up. In conclusion, this paper overflows with the *esprit de table*, and is "witty, well-informed, and right joyously convivial."

The *Colonial Magazine* contains a description of British Guiana, illustrated with several large engravings on wood, which are calculated to impress the reader with an idea of the luxuriance of this fine country. The Histories of Money and the East India Company appear to be stock papers wanting that freshness of interest which should characterize a journal of new countries.

The *Polytechnic Journal*, in its sixty-four solid pages, comprises a paper on Cold, by Mr. Forbes Winslow, full of valuable facts

and experience: however, we scarcely agree with the author, that Brighton is desirable as a winter residence for invalids who are suffering from diseases which are aggravated by the cold. To this article succeeds a review on Mr. Mushet's Papers on Iron and Steel, which is full of principles and operations, such as constitute accurate knowledge. Iron, by the way, has done more towards promoting civilization than all the other metals; its "peculiar properties reside in its being magnetic, and being capable of becoming permanently magnetic, in its uniting to itself by welding, in its forming steel when associated with carbon, and in its having a greater tension than any other metal whatever; that is, a rod of iron of any given diameter will support a greater weight than a rod of any other metal of the same diameter." The salts derived from iron are used for various processes in the arts, and in medicine; therefore, from the great utility of iron to mankind, it will not be exaggeration to state, "that were it possible that we could be deprived of it, or of the means of extracting it from its ores, the whole civilized world would at once sink into a comparative state of barbarism, there being no other metal that could supply its place." The next paper treats of "the Probable Duration of the Present Supply of Coal," shewing that for many centuries to come the supply will be equal to the demand; and, after England and Scotland are exhausted, the coal strata of Wales will last for 2000 years. This was shewn by Bakewell, several years since! so, away with the idle fears of exhaustion; poke the fire, and "sing old Rose, and burn the bellows." Next is a stringent critique on the present exhibition of the British Institution, which it is almost unanimously agreed "falls many degrees below the average." A charming paper follows on Schindler's Life of Beethoven, edited by Moscheles, full of characteristic anecdote: and, of the remainder, we can only notice that Potts's Patent Picture-rail Moulding appears to have been anticipated by Dr. Kitchiner, who describes such a contrivance in one of his eccentric books; and many years since he filled with it the rooms of his house in Warren Street.

There is but a niche left, and that shall be well filled with the *Pictorial Shakspeare*: the Winter's Tale, "that delicious play," that takes us out of the empire of the real, "to wander in some poetical sphere, where Bohemia is but a name for a wild country upon the sea, and the oracular voices of the Pagan world are heard amidst the merri-ment of 'Whitsun pastorals,' and the solemnities of 'Christian burial,' where the 'Emperor of Russia' represents some dim conception of a mighty monarch of far-off lands; and 'that rare Italian master, Julio

Romano,' stands as the abstract personification of excellence in art." This is criticism that burns, and is worth a bushel of sifted, word-quibbling. The illustrations, from Mr. Harvey's graceful pencil, are admirably engraved: the frail flower and the ruthless storm; the majesty of sculpture and the familiar group of domestic life, come alike to the accomplished artist.

By the way, Walpole says the intervals in *The Winter's Tale* are so long that there is time to go to Italy and back between each act.

Arts and Sciences.

IMMENSE ARTESIAN WELL.

At the sitting of the Académie des Sciences, at Paris, on the 1st instant, M. Arago made a Report on the Artesian Well at Grenelle, detailing the difficulties of the undertaking. The first time the borer fell into the cavity was in 1834, when the perforation had been made to the depth of 115 metres—377 feet; it was, however, soon recovered, and the operation proceeded. The length of the bars united measured 384 metres—1,260 feet: not only these broke, but the enormous metal spoon used to bring the materials to the surface, also fell to the bottom of the cavity, from a height of 80 metres—262 feet, and it required extraordinary exertions to recover it, and draw it out again; this was done by means of a windlass, worked at the surface by horse-power, and occupied from May, 1837, to August, 1838. The immensity of this labour may be conceived, when it is reflected that it was carried on at a depth of 460 metres—upwards of 2,000 feet. This difficulty being overcome, the works were continued, without any fresh misfortune, until April 8, 1840, when the *alesoir*, another part of the borer, fell from a considerable height with such force that it penetrated the chalk below to the depth of 26 metres—83 feet. This created great delay. In fine, a fourth accident occurred shortly before the successful termination, when the metal spoon again fell to the bottom of the bore, having nearly attained its extreme depth. This time, M. Mulot thought it better not to attempt to draw it out, but to put it on one side by forcing it horizontally into the earth, so as not to obstruct the passage.—*Times; abridged.*

LIGHTING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Gurney's mode of lighting the House of Commons has been found very economical. The expense of wax-lights, the old method of lighting, amounted in the course of the session to 1,300*l.*, and the nightly cost of illuminating the House of Commons alone was 5*l.* Under Mr. Gur-

ney's contract, the charge per annum for lighting the House is 100*l.*, whilst that for lighting the committee-rooms, library, &c., is 130*l.* The nightly cost in the House of Commons itself is only 12*s.* Thus, by Mr. Gurney's new method, there accrues to the country an annual saving of 1,030*l.* This is, perhaps, the most profitable new light of the day.

New Books.

Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections. By Lady Chatterton.

[ALL who have read Lady Chatterton's charming *Rambles in the South of Ireland*, will expect in the present work a rich and racy *mélange*; and they will not be disappointed. The *Sketches and Recollections* is indeed the most fascinating book that we have enjoyed for many a long day: it is so full of exquisite sentiments, and amiable common sense; so picturesquely graphic; and so animated with a love of the beautiful and the pure—that we scarcely know how to convey to the reader an idea of the treasure variety contained in these volumes. Home and foreign tours, or visits to sites consecrated as the abodes of genius, or dearly associated with history—form the staple. Ireland is not forgotten, and the accomplished authoress ventures to hope, that of the many who kindly followed her guidance in the "Green Island," a few at least will be found willing to accompany her through some of the fair scenes of her native country, and to touch once more upon Irish ground, in their flight to other lands. The work contains two or three *nouvellettes*; but, brief as these are, they exceed our limits, so that we must quote from the more detached portion.

English and French Women.]

A French gentleman said to-day he thought the generality of English women more frivolous, more devoted to the world and dissipation, than the French. I have often heard it asserted, that the conversation of French women is more intellectual, that they are more accustomed to converse on interesting and important subjects than the English. This is very natural in a country where conversational powers and agreeability in society are so much esteemed. But the imputation of the frivolity of English women excited to-day great indignation among the Englishmen present. My idea is that we are more frivolous than we used to be—more than the last generation. There is a passion for society now afloat which destroys our old genuine domestic feelings. Our homes, our country places, are deserted, and I never can forgive us for this.

The Battle of the Boyne.

We drove along the banks of the Boyne, and rambled over the site of that battle which is so celebrated and important in Irish, and indeed in English history. It has been sung by the poet and the beggar in the halls of the great, and in the abodes of wretchedness. The Boyne is still a watchword of party-spirit; and I am glad to have seen the place which excites so many interesting recollections, and sketched the obelisk which has been raised to the memory of King William. The clump of trees on the opposite height is the spot from whence poor King James beheld the defeat of his army.

Not far from the obelisk there is a very pretty glen, where a profusion of wild honeysuckles and roses, growing among the rocks, and perfuming the air with their sweetness, are wreathed into such a variety of fantastic forms, that they look as if twined by the graceful hands of fairies. This glen runs up from the broader valley where the battle was fought, and on the height to the right we were shewn the spot where King William's artillery was planted. Down this sweet and peaceful-looking glen, the roar of cannon must then have been heard; the wounded and the dying must have lain among these rocks. I hope the woodbines and roses grew there then, and that their sweet perfume, which seems to me always to breathe hope and confidence in the goodness of God, may, even amid the tumult of battle, have soothed their sufferings, and spoken peace to them in their last hours.

Rosstrevor.

The scenery of Rosstrevor is celebrated, but its beauty far exceeds my expectations; and then there is no appearance of squalid misery to mar the effect, as is too frequently the case in Ireland; here the people look happy, and the cottages are comfortable, as well as pretty.

The women indeed often wear no shoes or stockings; but they have such pretty feet, and the other parts of their dress look so neat and clean, the bright-coloured handkerchief is so well arranged over their shoulders, and the little plaited white caps so becoming, that one cannot help fancying the foot is left uncovered, more to shew its beauty than from poverty.

Tuesday.—The weather would not allow us to ascend the highest mountain near this place, which we had intended to do to-day. So we strolled about between the showers, and passed many pleasant hours in the lovely gardens belonging to different villas, which the owners most kindly allow strangers to enjoy.

Each of these abodes seems to vie with the others in loveliness; good taste is shewn

in the architecture of the dwellings, as well as in the arrangement of the garden walks, the green-houses, and the rustic bridges which are thrown over mountain torrents. Flowers bloom in the greatest profusion. I remarked great varieties of geraniums and roses, growing apparently wild under the wide-spreading trees which separate the hay and corn fields. Everything is perfect—every inch of ground is adorned and made useful. The troughs which the cattle drink out of are carved and ornamented, as well as the gates to the fields and farm-yards. The village church and school are beautiful; then the children seem so well educated—smiles and bows greet one on all sides, from rosy faces. The girls' hair well combed and arranged, and their dresses and white aprons scrupulously clean; and even the boys' coats, those usually most dilapidated parts of the human attire, appear well brushed and mended. I have not seen a rag, a broken window, or a miserable face in the whole place.

Scenery of the Elbe.

Such a day—I cannot describe it. Went to the beautiful Kuhstall, Prebischthor, and Winterburg. The sunset, on our return by the Elbe, was more lovely than anything I ever beheld. The Lilienstein, a mass of rock which resembles a gigantic shaft and capital of an inverted Corinthian column, rising abruptly out of the high woody bank which overhangs the Elbe, formed to-night the centre of the beautiful picture. The sky, as we slowly rowed along the smooth stream, changed from the soft blue of brilliant sunshine to the fiery red of sunset; against this, the rocky banks, with their towering forests above, assumed a dark purple hue; and lower down, that blue vapory tint which served to bring out in strong relief the little town of Schandau, with its high pinnaced dome, Swiss-like cottages, and crowd of masts. All these objects, even the feathery pines which stood like graceful fairies on the distant Lilienstein, were reflected on the majestic river. I tried to make a sketch of the view, which is here given.

In such scenes as these no wonder that the poor Träger should exclaim, with unostentatious, yet unshrinking devotion, when he came to the end of his labours, "Let us be thankful to God for the safe and pleasant excursion we have had."

It was a most delightful expedition—twelve hours of perfect enjoyment!"

A beautiful Girl.

At the table-d'hôte to-day, at Dresden, there was a beautiful girl, a good likeness of Malibran. There was an air of originality in her dress and manner, which riveted my gaze during the whole dinner. She was

at too great a distance for the sound of her voice to be heard; but there was a look of quiet intelligence in her eye, and of persuasive power in her lip, which made me feel sure that her thoughts and words did not fall short of the promise of wit which was stamped on her smooth high brow. The dark auburn air, divided into four plaits, descended low on her delicate cheeks, and then falling on her slender throat, the ends were looped behind her ear; a bow of crimson velvet was placed at the back of her head. Her dress was black; and, unlike that of the German girls, it was made low and with short sleeves; but a large transparent veil of the same sombre hue was thrown over her shoulders, the folds of which were gathered up, and rested gracefully on her round and snowy arms. No ornament of any kind interfered with the lovely simplicity of her appearance: the idea that probably I shall never see that radiant creature again makes me quite melancholy.

German and Italian Music.

I traced in the wild melody a strong resemblance to the national character. Deep, full of feeling, imaginative, and intellectual; yet occasionally a shade of northern barbarism seemed to break out in the sudden startling discords. How different I thought them from the soft, voluptuous, graceful strains of a luxurious people who have attained and passed their meridian of civilization. In the music of Italy (of a country which has been) there is very little of that energy which must create a feeling of power, and inspire strength and vigour. When listening to German music, I feel capable of doing all things. When listening to Italian, alas! I can only feel regrets, enervating, useless, yet perhaps delightful regrets. It puts me in a delicious frame of mind, but incapacitates me for any vigorous employment.

Jews' Street, Francfort.

All, from the old woman selling apples at a common stall, to the jewelled head of a young beauty leaning out of the window above—from the man in a ragged coat, drawing a wheelbarrow, to the two usurers gravely discussing some money transaction—all seemed to belong to one family. Indeed, the members of few Christian families resemble each other so closely as the Jews do each other. The words, "Come out, and be ye separate, and marry not the daughters of the land," were plainly engraved on the countenances of all. Here, in their own home, they sought not either to disguise their names or appearances, or to imitate the habits of others.

There was something to me inexpressibly awful in thus finding myself among those

living witnesses of the truth of our religion, of the fulfilment of prophecy; in seeing over the door of a common eating-house, those same characters in which the commandments were inscribed, by the finger of God, on the tables of stone—in which was written the most ancient history that has been transmitted to us; in hearing from the lips of a dealer and his customer that language in which the Creator of all things, the great Jehovah, spoke to the father of his people.

In this lugubrious region, where the very smell and the atmosphere seemed different from the rest of the world, old Mrs. Rothschild still lives; she is the mother of that powerful family whose very name expresses riches—who possess places in almost all the capitals of Europe, and hold in their hands the destiny of nations. Yet this ancient dame still resides in a house undistinguished from any of its sombre and dingy companions. It is said the motive which induces her to do so is a superstitious one, in some way connected with the prosperity of her descendants. Poor woman! it seems rather hard, that when one of her sons possesses in this very town such a residence as might excite the envy of a monarch, she should be doomed, by superstition and prejudice, to this gloomy abode.

It is probable, however, that the interior of the houses are better—their appearance indicates that it is still the failing or habit of that cautious people to appear wretched and mean. This part of the town is still as it existed in the fifteenth century, and is very well described in Spindler's novel of *Der Jude*.

The Tuilleries at Paris.

We took a very beautiful walk yesterday through the Tuilleries, along the river side, and over the Pont Royale. The view from this point each way is charming; we then returned to the gardens of the Tuilleries, and watched the raising of the obelisk, from Luxor, in the Place Louis XVI. Mrs. Trollope is certainly right; the Tuilleries gardens are delightful; as a promenade it is perhaps unequalled. And then if we are fond of observing character and countenance, here is the place; if we like to see the graceful gambols of children, of tracing the artless dawning of character in their looks and gestures, here is the place; if we wish to find indications of party spirit and political rancour, or like to study the last invention of Herbault or Palmyre to adorn or torture the human form, this garden is still the place.

I was much amused yesterday at the number of black-looking men sitting and standing about, reading the newspapers; their shrivelled forms resembled those of the half-dead autumnal flies which were

strewed about them; but to judge by the eager avidity with which they devoured their sous-worth of politics, their minds were by no means in a harmless or quiescent state. The countenances of some looked as if they had been born and nurtured in political dissension, and their hard features seemed cast in the mould of discontent; and the expressions which at times varied their stern harshness, were not like the indications of common passion, but faint gleamy sparks of the volcano of political violence which burnt within.

[The volumes are liberally illustrated with clever lithographs, from sketches by the highly-gifted authoress.]

Portraits of Children of the Mobility.

"DRAWN from Nature, by J. Leech. With Memoirs and Characteristic Sketches, by the Author of the 'Comic English Grammar';" thus runs the title-page, but rather say, "Comic Latin Grammar," for that is unquestionably the Author's best production. The illustrations are eight large quarto lithographed groupings, whole-length, but sadly "tattered and torn" are the majority. The Frontispiece, an Irish group, the Flinns, O'Shaughnessy, and Donovan, is excellent: Miss Margaret Flinn is decidedly prepossessing, notwithstanding her livery of poverty: in short, "these young persons are the children of a Mobility said to be the finest in the universe." Pl. 2.—Masters Jim Curtis, Mike Waters, and Bill Sims, are specimens of the tribe "varlet," or "young dogs," meeting at the turning of a corner in a place called Bloomsbury Square. Waters is a news-boy; Sims, a "page;" and Curtis, a muffin-boy, who is a first-rate performer on that classical instrument, the Jew's-harp. "Among his compeers, he is considered a peculiarly accomplished lad. He is always sure to be acquainted with the last new songs; for shocking as the idea appears, there are 'last new songs' in streets as well as in drawing-rooms. We are informed that the present popular favourite is 'Happy Land,' it having succeeded 'Sitch a gitten' up Stairs,' previously to which the alleys were taught by our young Mobility to echo the atrocious 'Jim Crow.'" Pl. 3.—Young Spicy and Master Tater Sam, engaged in an affair of honour, is an admirable burlesque of Wilkie's "I will fight." Sam is backed by Lanky Tim, a student attached to a parochial seminary, vulgo, a "charity-boy." Pl. 4.—The family of Mr. and Mrs. Blenkinsops, three children in the very livery of woe,

—"so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow them through and through."

The coroneted carriage and the pair of footmen in the back-ground make up a

capital group of contrast. The Blenkinsops, by the way, are what in the more elevated ranks would be termed *parvenus*, ruined by the failure of Messrs. Fly Kite and Co. The episode of Sir William Grindham, "connected with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," defining Beggars to be Living Scarecrows, is a new illustration of the *Habits of Birds*.

Pl. 5, Jew-boy, Pot-boy, Baker's boy, and Tiger, is good; especially the Israelite physiognomy. The Tiger is admirable, save in the letter-press, where he wants life. The *streetisms* of "Pawrts!" and "Chawley" are accurate; or classical, as small critics say. Pl. 6.—Masters Bob White and Nick Baggs are two chimney-sweeps in the snow. Here is a sly shaft: "Whatever may be the similarity of their external circumstances, there is always an essential difference, which we flatter ourselves we can instantly detect, between patricians and plebeians, Cholmondeleys and Chummies." Pl. 7.—Miss Moody and her infant sister, Master George Dummer, and the Misses Anne and Sarah Grigg, honouring an Italian instrumentalist with their presence. Dummer, the schoolboy,

—"creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school,"

seems to say, as he contemplates the Italian's hat, "My eye! what a rummy tile!" Pl. 8.—Master Tom Seales and Ben Potts (Gallipots?) are a brace of doctors' boys, vulgo "Quacks"—the subordinate assistants, respectively, of Mr. Graves and Mr. Slaymore.

The following passage from the Introduction is smart: "The difference between the words Mobility and Nobility is merely a letter. So, between individuals belonging to the two classes, a single letter may constitute a distinction. There are some names peculiar to the Nobility, and some to the Mobility. Jenkins, for example, is one of the names of the Mobility, but it assumes an aristocratic character by being spelt Jenkyns." Persons who have acquired their property by dealing in cheese and so forth, appreciate these changes; thus, the Gubbinses and Chubbes enrich the aristocracy of Tooting.

The following illustration of *persiflage*, or chaffing, we recommend to the annotators of our great Dramatic Poet: "Chaffing is a very venerable recreation. Shakspeare represents it as practised among the ancient Romans. Witness his *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. sc. 7: '*Lepidus*, (supposed to be in a state of wine.) What manner of thing is your crocodile?' *Antony*. 'It is shaped, sir, like itself: it is just as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.'"

The Gatherer.

Oysters suffered much during the late severe winter, when millions in shallow water were frozen. It is stated, that in the winter of 1829-30, on one Danish bank alone, there were more than 10,000 tons of oysters, or about eight millions of individuals, destroyed by frost.

Affectation, in the present day, is decidedly out of fashion; yet, so great is our fear of being affected, that many people affect nature.—*Lady Chatterton*.

Invention of the Telescope.—Galileo appears to be justly entitled to the honour of having invented that form of Telescope which still bears his name; whilst we must accord to John Lippershey, the spectacle-maker, of Middleburg, the honour of having previously invented the astronomical telescope. The interest excited at Venice by Galileo's invention amounted almost to frenzy. On ascending the tower of St. Mark, that he might use one of his telescopes without molestation, Galileo was recognised by a crowd in the street, who took possession of the wondrous tube, and detained the impatient philosopher for several hours, till they had successively witnessed its effects. These instruments were soon manufactured in great numbers, but were purchased merely as philosophical toys, and were carried by travellers into every corner of Europe.

Cost of a Picture.—It is said that Marshal Soult, on being asked one day how much his best picture had cost, replied, "One Monk." The meaning of this was, that the picture was given in exchange for an unfortunate monk who had been taken prisoner during Soult's campaign in Spain, and condemned to death.—*Lady Chatterton*.

Recovery from Intoxication.—Dr. Petier, a German physician, states that he has found the spirit of hartshorn (in the dose of a tea-spoonful in a glass of water,) to counteract the inebriating effects of strong fermented liquors and spirits, and to recover a person from an apparently lifeless state, from an excess of wine, in an hour or two.

Compound Interest.—A Correspondent has sent us the following:—If an English penny had been placed out at compound interest at 5 per cent. in the year one, it would this present Christmas, 1840, have produced the enormous sum of £4,047,455,811,126,677,945,110,793,317,430,411,562, which, laid down edgeways, would measure the immense length of 54,292,888,880,329,484,980,173,837,118,308 miles, and make 1,529,862,220 of our earths in solid gold. At simple interest it would have produced only 7s. 9d.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.

The British Association have determined that the meeting which is to take place at Plymouth, shall commence on the 12th of July, and terminate on the 17th.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.

Fine Compliments.—Galileo, on reading Dr. Gilbert's celebrated work, *De Magnete*, said, "I extremely praise, admire, and envy this author."

Changeable Flower.—On the island of Loocheu, says Mr. McLeod, is found a remarkable production, about the size of a cherry-tree, bearing flowers, which alternately, on the same day, assume the tint of the rose or lily, as they are exposed to the sunshine or the shade. The bark of this tree is of a dark-green, and the flowers bear a resemblance to our common roses. Some of our party, whose powers of vision were strong (assisted by vigorous imagination), fancied that, by attentive watching, the change of hue from white to red, under the sun's rays, was actually perceptible to the eye: that, however, they altered their colour in the course of a few hours was very obvious.

Bacon and Beans.—Mrs. Fox, (the wife of the great statesman,) was remarkable for being agreeable and easy. The Prince Regent used often to surprise them at dinner, at St. Anne's Hill. Upon one occasion, Mrs. Fox said, "Why, Sir, we have only for dinner a little bacon and beans." And so it literally was. The Prince, however, sat down and dined most heartily.

Popularity.—So numerous attended were the lectures of Galileo, in the year 1606, that although his lecture-room would contain 1,000 persons, he was frequently compelled to adjourn to the open air.

The Best Education.—We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

Authors in Society.—We find the following shrewd remarks in Lady Chatterton's *Home Sketches*: "An author generally receives but little praise from his own relations and those who have lived much with him, because they have generally been deceived in his character. The most common motive which actuates amateur writers is a desire for sympathy—a longing to be more fully understood. The very circumstance of writing shews that the person who does so has something within him which cannot manifest itself in other ways."

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